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A Christmas Idyl for Christmas Eve.

BY TWELVE VOICES.

[In performing this idyl a boy—the best reader in the school—should be selected to stand in the pulpit, or on one side of the platform, with an open Bible before him. Christmas trees, supplied with tapers or candles, may stand on each side of the stage. After reading the first verse as appointed below, there may be a voluntary performed on the piano or organ, during which two girls may light the tapers on the trees. The twelve speakers then take their place on the platform, after which the music ceases, and the reading again commences.]

Reader.

"Jesus was born in Bethlehem of Judea, in the days of Herod the king."

[Voluntary on organ—tapers lighted—speakers arranged.]

Reader.

"And there were in the same country, shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flocks by night."

1. Night!
2. Quiet night!
3. Calm and holy night!
11. Blest as is no other night!
3. Stars ne'er shone with softer light;
10. Never moon so clear and bright;
4. Never flocks so snowy white:
As reclined on Bethlehem's plain
On the night that Jesus came.
9. Wrapped in meditation deep,
Holy shepherds could not sleep.
5. Looking from their flocks away,
Where the quiet Bethlehem lay:
8. Looking o'er the dewy mead
Towards the hills with light o'erspread,
6. Towards the starry skies above,
6. Towards the moon with face of love.

Class. Holy shepherds, blest are ye,
Gazing heavenward silently!

Reader.

"And, lo, the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them; and they were sore afraid."

"And the angel said unto them, Fear not: for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people."

"For unto you is born this day in the city of David, a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord."

"And this shall be a sign unto you; Ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger."

"And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God."

1. Night!
2. Beautilous night!
3. Blessed holiest night,
4. Hallowed ever be the night,
When from Judah's plains so bright,
Shepherds saw a startling sight,
And fell down in wild affright.
5. Why, oh shepherds, tell me why,
Uttering ye that fearful cry?
6. Oh, they saw beside the moon,
Light beyond the glare of noon;
7. Angel forms so bright and fair,
Peopled then the midnight air.
8. But a song so heavenly sweet,
With the love of God replete;
Song that we may not repeat,
Brought them wondering to their feet!
9. Angel-song! Oh shepherds, say,
Can you chant that wondrous lay?
10. Do you know the words they sang,
When their notes through heaven rang?
11. Sister in this book divine,
Written are the words sublime;
Words that thrilled the hosts of heaven,
Words of joy to mortals given.

Reader.

"Glory to God in the highest, and on earth
peace, good will toward men."

12. "Glory to God in the highest," &c.

Class. "Glory to God in the highest," &c.

[If this sentence can be chanted by the Church choir, just after
it is repeated by the class, it will add to the interest of the ex-
ercise]

12. Night!
11. Joyous night!
10. Sacred, blessed night!
9. Night on which the angelic throng
Sang Messiah's natal song.
8. Night on which Messiah came
As the "Babe of Bethlehem."
7. Let it ever be confessed
Night above all others blest!
- * * * * *
1. Centuries have passed away,
Since Messiah's natal day;
2. Still that angel song we hear,
Ringing through the heaven clear.
3. "Glory to the Lord of heaven,
4. "Peace, good will to earth be given,"
5. And we will with angels pay,
Honor to the "Christmas Day."
6. Honor shall this night receive,
Blessed, welcome "Christmas Eve."

[Let the choir, class and congregation, join in singing,
"Mortals awake, with angels join," &c.]

[The first verse by the choir, second by the choir and class, and
the remainder by the whole congregation, after which let the
class say in concert:]

Kindness friends, our thanks receive:
Joyful be your Christmas Eve;
Softly glide the night away,
Merry be your Christmas Day!"

S. S. Teacher.

LET us now go even into Bethlehem, and see
this thing which is come to pass, which the Lord
hath made known unto us.

Grandfather's Christmas.

"Now Christmas is come.
Let us beat up the drum,
And call our neighbors together;
And when they appear,
Let us make them good cheer,
As will keep out the wind and the weather."

This is what the old song says; but it is not the way the people of the new colonies celebrated Christmas. Indeed, they thought it wrong to observe it at all,—because their forefathers had come away from England almost on purpose to get rid of the forms and ceremonies which hindered their worship in the church over there.

The Parlins, however, saw no harm in celebrating the day of our Saviour's birth, and Mrs. Parlin always instructed the boys to trim the house with evergreens, and put cedar crosses in the windows.

Willy was glad whenever his grandfather Cheever happened to be visiting them at "Christmas-tide," for then he was sure of a present. Mr. Cheever was an Englishman of the old school, and prayed for King George. He wore what were called "small clothes,"—that is, short breeches, which came only to the knee, and were fastened there with a buckle,—silk stockings, and a fine ruffled shirt. His hair was braided into a long queue behind, which served Willy for a pair of reins, when he went riding on the dear old gentleman's back.

I am not sure that Mr. Parlin was always glad to see grandpa Cheever, for they differed entirely in politics, and that was a worse thing then than it is now, if you can believe it. Mr. Parlin loved George Washington, and grandpa said he was "only an upstart." Grandpa loved King George, and Mr. Parlin said he was "only a crazy man."

But Willy adored his grandfather, especially at holiday times; for besides presents, they were sure to have games in the big dining-room, such as blindfold, or "Woodman blind," bob-apple, and snap-dragon.

Then they always had a log brought in with great ceremony, called the Yule log, the largest one that could be found in the shed; and when Seth and Stephen came staggering in with it, grandpa Cheever, and Mrs. Parlin, and Love, and Willy all struck up,—

"Come, bring with a noise
My merry, merry boys,
The Christmas log to the firing,
While my good dame, she
Bids ye all be free,
And drink to your hearts' desiring."

The "good dame," I suppose, was Mrs. Parlin; and she gave them a drink, it is true, but nothing stronger than metheglin, or egg nog, or flip. It seems to me I can almost see her standing by the table, pouring it out with a gracious smile. She was a handsome, queenly-looking woman, they say, though rather too large around the waist you might think.

Her father was a famous singer, as well as herself; and for my part I should have enjoyed hearing some of their old songs, while the wind went whistling round the house:—

"Without the door let Sorrow lie,
And if for co'd it hap to die,
We'll bury it in a Christmas pie,
And evermore be merry."

Or this one:—

"Rejoice, our Saviour, he was born
On Christmas day in the morning."

But these were family affairs, these Christmas meetings. No one else in town had anything to do with them.

Sophie May.



Christmas Times.

"Shall we put in the piece we learned by heart twenty years ago?" we asked. "Yes," said Grace, "the children of this generation, haven't all learned it by heart, perhaps. And if they have, the better for them; it is good enough to learn every Christmas." So here it is, under the Saint's own signature.]

T WAS the night before Christmas, and all through the house Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse; The stockings were hung by the chimney with care, In the hope that St. Nicholas soon would be there. The children were nestled all snug in their beds, While visions of sugar-plums danced in their heads, And mamma in her kermchief, and I in my cap, Had just settled our brains for a long winter's nap; When out on the lawn there arose such a clatter, I sprang from the bed to see what was the matter. Away to the window I flew like a flash, Tore open the shutters and threw up the sash,— The moon on the breast of the new-fallen snow Gave the lustre of mid-day to objects below,— When what to my wondering eyes should appear, But a miniature sleigh, and eight tiny reindeer, With a little old driver so lively and quick I knew in a moment it must be St. Nick. More rapid than eagles his coursers they came,

And he whistled, and shouted, and called them by name;—
"Now, Dasher, I now, Dancer! no, Prancer! now, Vixen!
On, Comet! on, Cup d! on, Dunder and Blitzen!
To the top of the porch, to the top of the wall,
Now, dash away! dash away! dash away, all!"
As dry leaves before the wild hurricane fly,
When they meet with an obstacle mount to the sky,
So up to the house-top the coursers they flew,
With the sleigh full of toys and St. Nicholas too.
And then, in a twinkling, I heard on the roof
The prancing and pawing of each tiny hoof;
As I drew in my head, and was turning around,
Down the chimney St. Nicholas came with a bound.
He was dressed all in fur, from his head to his foot,
And his clothes were all tarnished with ashes and soot;
A bundle of toys was flung on his back,
And he looked like a pedler just opening his pack.
His eyes—how they twinkled! his dimples how merry!
His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a cherry;
His droll little mouth was drawn up like a bow,
And the beard of his chin was as white as the snow;
The stump of a pipe he held tight in his teeth,
And the smoke it encircled his head like a wreath.
He was chubby and plump, a right jolly old elf,
And I laughed when I saw him, in spite of myself.
A wink of his eye, and a twist of his head,
Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread.
He spoke not a word, but went straight to his work,
And filled all the stockings,—then turned with a jerk,
And laying his finger aside of his nose,
And giving a nod, up the chimney he rose.
He sprang to his sleigh, to his team gave a whistle,
And away they all flew, like the down from a thistle;
But I heard him exclaim, ere he drove out of sight,
"Merry Christmas to all, and to all a good night!"

ONLY those who have tried it can know the pleasure experienced in giving to those who can give nothing in return.

Our own homes seem brighter and more cheerful when we feel that we have brought comfort and warmth to other firesides than our own.

Young people often excuse themselves from aiding others, with the plea that they have not means at their command; but they have strength, time, and youth, on their side, and can do much. They can read to the blind and aged, and watch with the sick.

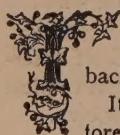
Kind words cost nothing, only the effort to speak them, and yet, who can estimate the good that even a kind word has done. Kindly sympathy costs us only the effort to express it, and yet it is often more than food or raiment to those who receive it. Those who keep their eyes open will find enough to do. Christ says, "Even as ye have done it unto one of the least of my disciples, ye have done it unto me."

Shall the wise men alone an offering bring?
Have we no tribute for the heavenly King?
Give me thine heart, oh! hear him gently say;
Nay, turn not from his pleading love away.



For the Myrtle.

A Christmas Mystery.



CHOOSE the doll."

"I choose the man riding horse-back."

It was a cold December day, just before Christmas, and it was bleak December in their poor young lives. There they stood, little Jem and Molly, with scanty garments round them and their basket of fagots, too heavy for such little girls to carry, set down for a moment on the sidewalk,—there they stood with their blue little faces pressed against the pane of the shop-window choosing their Christmas gifts!

Why, even the great dog that trotted by in his thick handsome fur coat and silver collar, looked up pitifully at them; and yet their voices were just as cheery, as if they had been used to such pretty things all their days. Poor little Jem and Moll, and yet they had never had a plaything bought from a store in their lives. But for this moment the doll and the resplendent horse were as much their own as if they held them in their hands.

A little girl, clad all in warm white wool and

fur, was dancing along behind the big dog, and came up and pulled him away by the collar just in time to hear them "choose." She did not seem to hear, and did not look around until they had taken up the big basket and moved along. Then she turned about with the dog and followed them afar off.

She had a notion in her bright little head, this happy Lulu, for a kind heart was beating under the wool and fur. She had made up her mind to *make* somebody merry on Christmas day as well as to wish them so; and here was her chance!

Early Christmas morning the woman who lived down in Brick Alley, and went out washing while her little girls picked up bits of wood and coal, found a basket tied to her door-handle. She took it in, and two pairs of young, wondering eyes looked into the basket when it was opened. There were two warm shawls and two pairs of mittens; and under these two parcels done up in soft white paper. These were quickly unrolled; and lo! one was the doll, and one was the man on horse back!

In the very bottom of the basket was this note, on a tiny piece of paper, written in as crooked letters as if a little child had done it:

"Santa Claus sends you your choice." And Jem and Molly never knew how Santa Claus found out.

H. A. B.

"Thank You' With That."

People generally are only glad when they have things given them; and that is quite different from being thankful. A poor converted African I have heard of would set an example to many in Christian lands. He had been very sick; but he came one day, after his recovery, to the missionary, and laid down the sum of two pounds for the Lord.

"I want," he said very earnestly, "to tell God 'Thank you' with that." He had expected his yams to turn out very poorly, he had been able to give them so little care; but God had taken care of them for him, and he had an excellent crop. It had yielded him fully two pounds more than he expected; and so he brought that as a thank-offering to the Lord. People would prosper more in riches of the soul, and in earthly riches too, if they would oftener bring in their thank-offerings.

LOVE and joy go hand in hand.



For the Myrtle.

Early in the Morning.



WHEN I was young," said Aunt Lizzie, we used to begin Christmas several hours earlier than you do now."

"Tell us about it," cried all the children; for it was Christmas eve, and their thoughts were full of the day, and they were eager

for Christmas tales, especially true ones.

"Well," said Aunt Lizzie, "the first thing, of course, was the stockings. They were all hung in a row by the fire-place the night before, and we thought truly that Santa Claus clattered over

the roof with the reindeer team, and came down the chimney and filled them all in the night. Anyway they were always full, from toe to top, and sometimes bundles were hung on outside. We always got up in the dark and groped around until we found the stockings and took them into bed to look at our treasures by the first streak of light. Not much sleep for us, after the bells struck midnight of Christmas eve!

Then with the first sign of dawn, we children, boys and girls, got up and dressed ourselves in the warmest things we could find, and stole quietly out of the house. We usually went to the

minister's house first, and so down the street, stopping at every house. And at almost every house children joined us; if indeed they did not start before us and come and wake us up, as they sometimes did.

We gathered close around the front door of each house, and sung a Christmas Carol. We had three or four, and changed them at each house. One was "Hark! what mean those holy voices?" And another had a loud, ringing chorus of "Hosanna! hosanna! hosanna!" in which we took great delight. After we had sung one of these, we threw open the front door and cried out all together,

"I wish you merry Christmas!" and then we scampered off as fast as we could run.

We had the credit, on Christmas morning, of waking up every family in the village; for we were always back home by sunrise, and a smoking hot breakfast was ready for us, and for all the children with us. If it was a little late, we were often invited in at other places, but never went. After a time people were on the lookout for the little carollers with their Christmas wishes, and they used to throw us gifts from the chamber windows little Christmas cakes all frosted and decked with sugar-plums, lace-bags full of candy and nuts, and such things.

So you see our old-fashioned pastimes were not so far behind yours, with your wax-tapers and Christmas trees. Only we took ours early in the morning, instead of late at night. *H. A. B.*

The Christ of Prophecy.

Many predictions were recorded in the Old Testament concerning the Messiah. He was to be born of a virgin, in a certain place, at a certain time. His miracles were predicted, his preaching, his betrayal, his death, burial, resurrection and ascension.

There has never been but one person in whose birth, life, death, and resurrection their fulfillment has been seen, and that person is Jesus of Nazareth, who was thus born, who did thus live and die, and who also was thus brought from the dead by the power of God, and raised on high, where to-day, in the heavenly places, he is carrying on the work of redemption which he begun when on earth.

"Search the scriptures," he said to the Jews whose Bible was the Old Testament. "They are they which testify of me."

Christmas.

HERE comes o'd Father Christmas,
With sound of fife and drums;
With mistletoe about h's brows,
So merrily he comes!
His arms are full of all good cheer,
His face with laughter glows;
He shines like any household fire
Amid the cruel snows,
He is the old folks' Christmas;
He warms the hearts like wine,
He thaws their win'er into spring,
And makes their faces shine.

Hurrah for Father Christmas!
Ring all the merry bells!
And bring the grandsires all around
To hear the tale he tells.
Here comes the Christmas angel,
So gentle and so calm,
As softly as the falling flakes
He comes with flute and psalm.

All in a cloud of glory,
As once upon the plain
To shepherd boys in Jewry,
He brings good news again.
He is the young folks' Christmas;
He makes their eyes grow bright
With words of hope and tender thought,
And visions of delight.

Hail the Christmas angel!
All peace on earth he brings;
He gathers all the youths and maids
Beneath his shining wings.
Here comes the little Christ-child,
All innocence and joy,
And bearing gifts in either hand
For every girl and boy.

He tells the tender story
About the Holy Maid,
And Jesus is the manger
Before the oxen laid.
Like any little winter bird
He sings this sweetest song,
Till all the cherubs in the sky
To hear his carol throng.

He is the children's Christmas;
They come without a call
To gather round the gracious child,
Who bringeth joy to all.
But who shall bring their Christmas,
Who wrestle still with life?
Not grandsire, youths, nor little folks,
But they who wage the strife;
The fathers and the mothers
Who fight for homes and bread,
Who watch and ward the living,
And bury all the dead.

Ah! by their side at Christmas-tide
The Lord of Christmas stands;
He smoothes the furrows from their brows
With strong and tender hands;
"I take my Christmas gift," he said,
"From the, tired soul, and thee;
Who giveth to my little ones,
Gives a'so unto me!"



Editor with the Children.

"Our Sunday Schools" have gone into eclipse for two or three weeks, and will only emerge with the full blaze and glitter of Christmas. The story of their Christmas observances and festivities we can only tell you sometime in January. Just now they are as mysterious as the old woman above the moon; what they are doing no mortal can tell, but in their hands they carry if not brooms, a great many other strange parcels. We shall certainly get nothing out of them until the great day is passed, and meantime, what have we for our special talk to the children?

The youngest child among them, knows all about the meaning of this glad day of Christmas. If not before, they have already found it on the first page of their paper, in words which they will perhaps speak at their Christmas festival, and the picture shows them the startled shepherds, while

— "The herald angels sing
Glory to the new born king."

In Christmases past we have told them of celebrations we have seen and heard. What is there new to-day?

We had come to this, when our German friend dropped in quietly for his after-tea rest. Now that was a providence! He should tell the children the story.

CHRISTMAS IN A GERMAN HOME.

"How did you keep Christmas in your German home?"

"Christmas? ah, that is a long story."

"Tell it."

"Not as you Yankees do, with stockings and such make-shifts. Always a tree."

"How and when?"

Well, it begun a month before. A fortnight before it had grown quite warm, and within two or three days excitement burned. Everybody, the smallest boy as well, had his special purse and kept his little secrets. Two or three evenings before, the tree began to be trimmed. Not with presents; that is horrible; but with wax-tapers, glass balls, light apples, trinkets, everything fairy, dazzling, and gay. The tree was pine or spruce, the prettiest of the field and nobody saw it but papa and mamma.

The day before Christmas — for we kept Christmas eve — everything was on tiptoe of expectation. Everybody was dressed in their very best, long before dark, and the parlor-doors were slyly tried; but they were always locked.

Everybody's presents had been passed in, and at last somebody made errands to call out papa and mamma and theirs were put in their places. Never on the tree, oh, no! your way of doing that is horrible! but on the table in the center of which stood the tree. Each member of the family had his place at the table, and there were his presents all together. And with them a plate of Christmas cakes such as were never baked at other seasons; cakes for which you have no name, and others in all queer shapes, of elephants, and dogs, and men and women, that we had made ourselves.

When the moment came, papa went in and lighted all the wax-tapers and tinkle went the bell. Then what a rush and shout! and how unkindly the boys took it if by courtesy the girls had to go first! "Ah,"—our German friend suddenly covered his face with his hands, to shut out the present and bring back the old picture — "when I think of the ringing of that bell, how it brings back the sight of the dancing lights, and the smell of the varnish on the toys, and the taste of the cakes, and all that Christmas uproar

Well, after we had seen everything, came the feast. In another

room the feast was laid, and it was true German. Herring salad, — that was made of pickled herring with cold sliced potatoes, slices of apples, capers, and egg sauce, that is queer to you. Then there were the many cakes, and cheese, and a fine kind of German sausage. Of these and other things the children ate, until some one kindly told them it was not safe to eat more.

Once we had masquerade suits for presents. I was a small

Scotch-Highlander. And we had a masquerade party to close our evening. We always sat up as late as we pleased on Christmas night."

"And what did you do on Christmas day?"

"Oh, first we lay in bed as late as we pleased. And we had a great dinner of fowls and the like, as you do; not goose, but oftener turkey. And then I think we read our books, and candy was eaten, and the small boys blew horns and whistles and beat on drums, and the girls loosened arms from their dolls, and pictures were torn and fingers were cut, and small wagons were smashed in flinders—ah, yes: that was Christmas day."

The Institute at Nashua.

We are just home at early morning from the Sunday School meeting at Nashua to find that there is still room left in the MISTLE to say something about it.

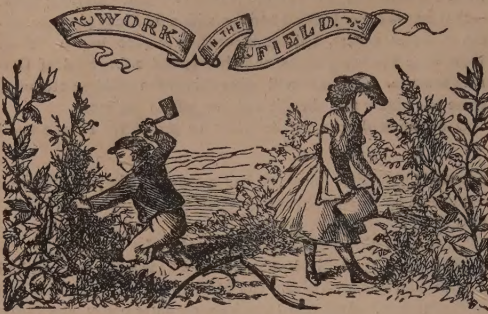
It was opened on Thursday evening, Dec. 9, with a lecture by Dr. Eben Tourjee, of Boston, the prominent musician, and a leading member of the Methodist Church. His theme was Sunday School music, treated very ably and sensibly, and with great spirit. And after the lecture was a praise meeting, conducted by Dr. Tourjee, and thoroughly enjoyed by all present. Dr. Tourjee asked for his services the only return he asks anywhere — a contribution for the North End, Mission, — and this was gladly given.

After the morning conferences on Wednesday, Mrs. Winship, Superintendent of the Sunday School at Wakefield, Mass., read an essay on Sunday School concerts. This was probably the most helpful thing given at the meeting. It was the voice of one who had had great experience in the matter, and told exactly what Sunday School concerts should be and what they should not be, and how they can be made useful and how harmful. It gave programmes for Concerts for special occasions, all arranged with reference to a single idea. It gave hints of exercises that could be arranged to illuminate, as it were, a single thought. Indeed this was the central thought of the essay—the systematic teaching of truth, by whatever means. If these wise methods could be more considered we should soon be rid of this irresponsible, milkop affairs sometimes called "concerts" in which everybody does what he or she pleases, nothing aimed at and nothing hit. The essay will probably appear in the February number of the *Helper*, and ought to be read by all superintendents, teachers and scholars. If read by all, it would certainly work a revolution in concerts.

In the absence of Rev. Mr. Stowe, Rev. Mr. Shinn gave an address on teaching the Bible understandingly and attractively to children.

Questions and discussions followed all these exercises. In the afternoon a suggestive talk about children was made by Rev. Mr. Crafts, a Methodist minister of Haverhill, Mass. After him an eloquent plea for persuading the young into the church, by Rev. Mr. Perry, of Lawrence; and a review of the recent *Helper* lesson on "The Lord's Supper" with hints about presenting it to a class, by Mrs. Bingham, of Boston.

In the evening the lecture was given by Dr. Bolles of Salem, on illustrating Bible teachings by nature, and was listened to with almost breathless interest. All these meetings were fully attended, and all went home glad and satisfied that they had come together to consider this great interest of caring for the spiritual good of the young.



Lives of the Apostles.

LESSON XL.—PAUL.

Question.—To what place did the brethren of Berea conduct Paul away from the persecution?

Answer.—Acts xvii. 15.

Q.—Whom did Paul order sent to him?

A.—Acts xvii. 15.

Q.—While Paul was waiting for Silas and Timothy, what did he see in Athens?

A.—Acts xvii. 16.

Q.—How was he affected by the sight?

A.—Acts xvii. 16.

Q.—In what places did he discuss christian truths?

A.—Acts xvii. 17.

Q.—What did persons of some of the philosophic schools, say of Paul when they heard him?

A.—Acts xvii. 18.

Q.—Why did they think he set forth strange gods?

A.—Acts xvii. 18.

Q.—Why did he take him to Areopagus, the place of public meeting and discussion?

A.—Acts xvii. 19, 20.

Q.—What did he say to them he saw the Atheans doing?

A.—Acts xvii. 23.

Q.—What did Paul tell them he proposed to do?

A.—Acts xvii. 23.

Q.—What did he tell them the true God who made all things, dwells?

A.—Acts xvii. 24.

Q.—What did he assure them the true God has no need of?

A.—Acts xvii. 25.

Q.—What had God done with all nations of men?

A.—Acts xvii. 26.

Q.—How near is he to men?

A.—Acts xvii. 27.

Q.—As we are the offspring of God, what ought we not to think?

A.—Acts xvii. 29.

Q.—God having, us it were, shut his eyes to these false opinions of men, what does he now require?

A.—Acts xvii. 30.

Q.—What will God do through Christ?

A.—Acts xvii. 31.

NOTE. To judge the world in righteous means, to govern or rule the world in righteousness.

Q.—When Paul spoke of the resurrection; what did his hearers do?

A.—Acts xvii. 32.

Q.—In what way did they dismiss him?

A.—Acts xvii. 32.

Q.—Were any converts made by Paul?

A.—Acts xvii. 34.

Enigma.

I am composed of 37 letters.

My 1, 20, 35, 14, is a kind of bird.

My 15, 16, 22, 14, is a vagabond.

My 23, 17, 18, 21, 25, 7, 8, 30, 24, is a tomb.

My 12, 8, 9, 14, 31, 7, 6, 30, 35, 28, is a large animal.

My 3, 31, 30, 4, 20, 33, 28, 24, is a reptile.

My 5, 6, 32, 31, 14, is a kind of fruit.

My 10, 27, 18, 30, 20, 23, 19, is a kind of disease.

My 11, 13, 29, 2, 5, 27, is a narrow passage.

My 26, 33, 35, 36, 20, 14, 7, 27, 10, 5, 31, is an instrument of music.

My whole is one of the commandments of the apostle John.

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In any case where money has been sent, and the date has not been changed to correspond, we will be glad to be notified, and the mistake will be corrected.

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